

members of the class.” Bascom Field was not one of these. Oaks do not grow nearly as fast as sun flowers.

An incident occurred here, during his Freshman year, which possibly is deeply significant of the man. He appeared on the baseball field the first day of practice attired in a home made baseball suit—a combination which has brought showers of “sidelines” chaff and ridicule down upon the “greenie” from time immemorial. But not a thought even of such did Bascom Field inspire. He wore the suit with an air of such rugged honesty and with a bearing of serene unobtrusive self confidence which naturally commanded respect. No better test as to manhood and fine qualities (not even excepting war) comes than on the athletic field. Field stood the test.

As a Sophomore, Field was chosen Secretary of his class. He was of the “secretary” type, that is, the one willing to do the hard work while the other fellow (although possibly working as hard) stands in the calcium.

Always a splendid student and a hard worker at his books the second year of collegiate work showed the reactions of a well rounded nature to extra-curriculum undergraduate life. He became an active member of the Dialectic Literary society, a member of the Sophomore football team and later the varsity scrubs. Consistent with the type of man he was, Field played tackle, a position requiring grit, speed, brains and endurance.

That spring he “went out” again for baseball at which sport he showed strength which he could easily have developed into varsity calibre had he given the time to it. He tried out for the outfield.